

you say you want passion (i think you found it)
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you say you want passion (i think you found it)

by [JemKay](#)

Summary

yoongi has a plan for his birthday and that's to go out, get drunk, maybe have a questionable hookup, and definitely *not* think about the lowkey crush he may or may not have on his English tutor. that plan falls apart when kim namjoon walks through the door and jimin's face lights up like christmas came early.

Notes

this fic is inspired by that one time yoongi said nam looked comfy enough to sit on (i'm paraphrasing) and i cried @ yssa that he meant he likes to ride nam's d*ck

also inspired by how flustered yoongi got when he was speaking english with namjoon like could ur fav eVER

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Yoongi isn't suspicious when Hoseok comes to find him after his last class on Friday, and he isn't suspicious when Jimin makes him wear an outfit that the younger picks out, and he isn't suspicious when Jimin and Hoseok stick close to him at the club, something like excitement rolling off Jimin in waves.

He's not suspicious, until he looks up, happens to glance at the doorway into the club, and sees his English tutor walk in.

"What the *fuck* is Kim Namjoon doing here?" Yoongi demands.

Hoseok and Jimin exchange a glance, and then Jimin's lips twitch. Yoongi's eyes haven't left Namjoon's head of dark blue hair that stands taller than most of the mass of bodies swaying to the music.

"It's a public place, hyung," Jimin says patronizingly. "He's allowed to be here."

"He's not surrounded by his usual obnoxious groupies," Yoongi squints at Jimin and Hoseok. "Did one of you invite him?"

Jimin gives him a look of pure innocence, but Hoseok's always been a terrible liar, and the way he fidgets in his seat gives him away.

Yoongi glares.

"It was Jimin's idea!" Hoseok yelps, pointing at the smaller boy, and Jimin gapes in betrayal.

"Look," Jimin starts to placate. "His younger brother is dating my friend, so...I just mentioned it to them. Hyung, I *swear* this is for your own good," Jimin sounds like he's genuinely trying to help. "You've been crushing on him for so long—"

"I don't have a crush on him!" Yoongi protests.

"You talk about him all the time," Hoseok points out.

"I talk about how much I *hate* him," Yoongi reminds them.

"There's a thin line between love and hate," Jimin says it like he's suddenly some omniscient deity.

"No there isn't," Yoongi snaps. "There's a wide, rocky, deep rift between Namjoon and I, and it's going to stay that way."

“Well, it will if you don’t tell him how you feel about him,” Jimin replies readily.

“I don’t feel anyway about him.”

“I thought you just said you hated him,” Hoseok says, confused.

“I-” Yoongi starts, but Jimin cuts him off.

“So, if you hate him so much,” Jimin rests his elbows on the table and cups his chin in his hands, his curiosity laced with false cheer. “Why do you still let him tutor you?”

It’s silent for a moment, and both Jimin and Hoseok are staring at him, and Yoongi stands suddenly, arms crossing over his chest. He wonders at what kind of six degrees of separation bullshit went on so that Yoongi’s best friend’s boyfriend’s friend’s boyfriend is Namjoon’s younger brother, but all he gets from it is that fate apparently hates him.

“Look,” he says. “I have a plan for tonight. I’m gonna get drunk, celebrate my birthday, and find some hot guy to have a questionable hookup. Is that too much to ask for?”

“No, but hyung, don’t you see?” Jimin presses. “You can do that plan, but with Namjoon-hyung! It just wouldn’t end after tonight!”

“Yeah, no,” Yoongi deadpans. “The chances of that happening are so low they’re practically non-existent. Less than zero. Never. The same chances of Seokjin-hyung deciding to never cook for us again.”

Jimin looks horrified. “Hyung, let’s not over-exaggerate.”

“Then just let me go with my plan,” Yoongi says. His plan is safe.

“We just wanted to help,” Hoseok says earnestly. “Our gift to you.”

Yoongi heaves a sigh and releases his arms to hang by his sides. He knows that they had good intentions, but it still doesn’t make it any better. “Thanks. But the Namjoon thing is something that I can deal with by myself.”

(Maybe he’s not so much dealing with it as avoiding it but – that’s just semantics.)

“Where are you going?” Jimin asks, when Yoongi starts to move away from the table. The only thing that would be more embarrassing than

making small talk with Namjoon outside of their study sessions would be having Jimin and Hoseok there to give him pitying glances every time Yoongi's mouth started to spill out condescending words.

"I'm not going to be here when Namjoon finally sees you," Yoongi says. "I don't *want* to be here, and I sure as hell don't want to talk to him."

"*Hyung*." Hoseok says, but Yoongi ignores it and wiggles his way into the sea of people, until he can't see Jimin or Hoseok anymore. He can't see Namjoon either, and he's half hoping the younger boy left, because while Yoongi's managed to be okay with a tutor-student relationship with the guy he's been not-so-secretly crushing on for the better part of his university years, he's *not* okay with Namjoon being here. Where Yoongi is. When Yoongi's been drinking alcohol and might say something he'll definitely regret in the morning when Namjoon will give him the 'this has been nice but I don't feel the same way' talk.

So he tries to forget Namjoon instead, and he thinks about how Namjoon will probably find some nice *girl* to take home instead, and maybe he'll stop at their table briefly to say happy birthday to Yoongi, and Yoongi will have to pretend he's not comparing himself to the girl who gets to hold hands with Namjoon. And it's a little heartbreaking, especially on Yoongi's birthday, but truthfully, Yoongi has yet to move on from something that Namjoon's never even given him.

It's so pathetic, Yoongi thinks.

He startles, suddenly, when the crowd seems to squeeze around him, and he's suddenly aware of how lost he is in the sea of people, and how short he is too, compared to the girls in high heels and the broad, sweaty bodies of the boys around him, and he thinks, no, he's *sure* that someone's feeling him up. There are fingers gliding down his back and over the swell of his ass, and he tries to move away but he can't because he's caught between a group of girls and a couple grinding next to him. And he tries to glance around to glare at whoever it is, except it's just a dark blur of faces and Yoongi panics when a hand grabs at him again, and he tries to squeeze himself between two people, wiggling away from grabbing hands except that another hand reaches into the mass and yanks Yoongi out, at the same time as he face-plants into a warm, broad chest.

"Are you okay?"

It's Namjoon, of course it's Namjoon. Yoongi would recognize that voice and the pretentious cologne anywhere. And besides, Namjoon's forever finding Yoongi at his worst moments.

Yoongi leans back a little bit, so he's not pressed right up against the taller boy, but the crowd forces him to stay close to Namjoon. "I'm fine," he says stiffly, brushing himself off. He glances behind him again, but he can't see those reaching hands and he didn't catch a face, and really, it's not like it's the first time something like that had happened to Yoongi.

"A thank you would be nice," Namjoon chides softly, but he has this eye-crinkling, happy smile on his face, and one of his eyebrows raised, and he's still holding onto one of Yoongi's hands.

"For what?" Yoongi asks immediately, defensively.

"For saving you," Namjoon's grin morphs into something teasing. "You looked like you were drowning in there, because you're so short, hyung."

"I wasn't *drowning*," Yoongi protests, hating that he has to tilt his chin upwards to look at Namjoon, who seems even taller than usual today. Or maybe Yoongi's just never been this close to him. "I was doing *fine*, and I don't need saving."

Namjoon looks a little disbelieving, and Yoongi's spent more time talking to Namjoon than he planned to, so he tries to pull his hand from Namjoon's grip, but it's useless. "Where are you going?" Namjoon asks, hand curling more firmly around Yoongi's.

"I don't know, away from you?" Yoongi snaps, and he immediately regrets it when Namjoon drops his hand. It feels unfamiliarly empty, even though Yoongi had never held Namjoon's hand before tonight.

(He'd stared at Namjoon's hands a lot though, when Namjoon would follow the English words in Yoongi's textbook with long fingers, and Yoongi's mind would fall somewhere he couldn't put into words, imaging what it might feel like to have Namjoon's hands on him.)

(He'd snap abruptly back to reality when Namjoon would give him a quizzical look and a prodding, "*Are you understanding me?*", and Yoongi would stare blankly back. He probably looked like an idiot, and he's probably worse in English now than before he started getting tutored by Namjoon, but he can't bring himself to ask for someone else. Not when he gets one hour three times a week to spend with the

taller boy, an hour for Yoongi to be the sole object of Namjoon's attention, an hour to pretend he could be someone who actually meant something to Namjoon, and not just one of Namjoon's many students, therefore entirely unspectacular in Namjoon's eyes.)

"Let me buy you a drink," Namjoon suggests, tone more subdued, and Yoongi feels so bad about it that he nods silently, and he follows the taller boy out of the mass.

"What are you drinking?" Namjoon asks when they make it to the bar. It's pretty crowded, and the bartender's at the other end of the bar, and Yoongi's eyes catch on two girls who nudge each other and point to Namjoon. His mood sours, and really, Yoongi can't really be held responsible for what he says next.

Blame it on the alcohol, and all that.

"Give me a screaming orgasm."

Namjoon stills completely, for a moment, and then he blinks a few times, and turns to stare down at Yoongi. "Uh."

"The drink," Yoongi deadpans, and waits for Namjoon to laugh it off, or maybe throw in a joke, except Namjoon doesn't. He's looking down at Yoongi with this almost calculating expression on his face, and Yoongi doesn't like it.

"If you're not going to order, then I'm just going to ask for it from the bartender," Yoongi elbows Namjoon aside, but Namjoon doesn't budge.

"No," Namjoon says suddenly. "No don't. I'll get us the drinks."

So Yoongi stands back and lets Namjoon's tall frame and long arms get the bartender's attention. And it's so crowded around the bar that Yoongi ends up getting shoved into Namjoon's back a few times, but Namjoon doesn't seem to notice or care, so eventually Yoongi moves into Namjoon's space and he lets himself have this one moment.

And, if Yoongi's being honest, which alcohol makes him, he revels in the utterly lost expression on Namjoon's face moments ago. Because Namjoon's always so self-assured and confident and smart, and Yoongi likes all those things about him, but he takes a kind of flushed pleasure at being able to throw Namjoon off his game, just like Namjoon's being doing to Yoongi ever since Yoongi first met him and spun completely out of orbit. So *this* – it makes Yoongi feel powerful,

suddenly, like he could match Namjoon, like Namjoon and him could exist outside of their tutor-student relationship, even if it only lasted a moment.

And maybe it's the rush of burning alcohol spreading heat through his veins or the way Yoongi always loses any sense of logic the longer he stays in Namjoon's presence, but Yoongi suddenly can't remember why he thought it was such a bad idea to talk to Namjoon, to *flirt* with Namjoon. He can't think of any reason *not* to, not when Yoongi is kind of hopelessly in love Namjoon, pathetically crushing on the taller boy, just like half of their graduating class.

"Here," Namjoon says, turning around to Yoongi, holding two glasses. "For you," he hands Yoongi his drink. "And sex on the beach for me."

Yoongi gapes at him for a second, and then a bubble of laughter escapes his lips. "You're unbelievable," he murmurs, and then takes a sip of his drink. "...this isn't a screaming orgasm."

"No," Namjoon quirks his lips into a grin. "It's a slow comfortable screw."

Yoongi scrunches his nose. "I didn't ask for this."

"No," Namjoon agrees. "But it seemed like something you'd like. Am I right, hyung?"

Yoongi narrows his eyes, and takes another sip. He can play this game. "Maybe," he says, lips curling into something teasing and uncaring. "Maybe it's exactly what I needed tonight."

Namjoon's gaze is hotter when it settles on Yoongi this time, on the way Yoongi's throat works as he downs his drink.

"Do you want to dance?" Namjoon asks, when Yoongi can't pretend to chew on the ice anymore and sets his empty glass down.

"You're an awful dancer," Yoongi blurts out before he can help it, and he winces. *This* is why he doesn't like to talk to Namjoon outside of their tutoring session, where there are specific topics that they can talk about and Yoongi doesn't end up insulting Namjoon for the hour they spend together.

"It's not like this is ballroom dancing, hyung," Namjoon rolls his eyes and reaches for Yoongi's hand again, and Yoongi's so fucking peachy about it that he hardly notices Namjoon pulling him onto the

dancefloor.

Namjoon stops once he's found space for them both, turning back around and maybe it's the liquid courage Yoongi's been downing all night or the way Namjoon's eyes roam the hints of pale skin visible between the rips in Yoongi's jeans, but Yoongi kind of thinks '*fuck it*' and moves into Namjoon's space. Because even if this changes everything about the not-really-friendship they have, *anything* would be better than the stiff, polite tutor-student relationship they have now. And if there's one thing he wants on his birthday, it's to be fucked by Kim Namjoon.

Namjoon's hands drop immediately to Yoongi's hips, and his eyes are half-lidded. "Yeah?"

And Yoongi's still pretty wide-eyed, and flushed, and not really exactly sure why he thought this was a good idea, but he quickly nods, "Yeah."

Yoongi turns then, face still red hot in embarrassment, and Namjoon's grip on Yoongi's hips tightens, fingers digging in slightly. There's a pause, and then Yoongi lets himself sink back into Namjoon's warm heat, the encasing hold, the strong fingers barely grazing the skin just underneath Yoongi's loose shirt, and Yoongi's head falls back against Namjoon's shoulder, one of his hands coming up to fist itself on the sleeve of Namjoon's shirt.

They dance like that, and maybe it's not so much dancing as it is grinding, but Yoongi can't bring himself to care, not when he's has the immense heat of Namjoon's body pressed up behind him and around him and practically melting Yoongi into a puddle of pure need. And his knees feel like they're turning into jelly whenever Namjoon's warm breath fans over Yoongi's neck, leaving goosebumps in its trail, but that's okay, because Namjoon's also got this strength about him, this steady hold on Yoongi that feels like he's never going to let go. And Yoongi likes that, *a lot*, even if it's just pretend, even if it's only for tonight.

He lets his eyes slide halfway shut and tilts his head upwards, where it rests on Namjoon's shoulder, exposing more of his throat and there's this split-second pause before Namjoon takes that as an invitation to lean down and kiss along the column of pale skin, biting and nipping at the smooth flesh. Yoongi trembles beneath him, mouth falling open to release a soft moan. Namjoon tightens his hold, hands sliding down his sides until he reaches where Yoongi's shirt meets his pants. He

works the tips of his fingers underneath the clothing, pads of his fingertips ghosting along the warm skin.

Yoongi whimpers, turning to hide his flushed face into Namjoon's neck. They're not doing anything very different than anyone else on the dancefloor, and actually, they're pretty tame, but it still sends this hot wave of embarrassment through Yoongi. A pink flush works its way down the column of his throat and beneath the loose neck of his shirt, and Namjoon's eyes follow it.

He whirls Yoongi around so he can slide his hands down to cup the smaller boy's ass, and Yoongi makes a noise of surprise. He squints up at Namjoon in slight reproachfulness.

Namjoon can't help but grin, and maybe it's something a little arrogant too, but Yoongi's responding so beautifully to him.

So Yoongi retaliates, looping his arms around Namjoon's neck and rocking up on his toes, and does what he's wanted to do forever, finally, *finally* presses a kiss to Namjoon's plush lips.

It's soft, softer than Yoongi meant it to be, a flicker of Yoongi's feelings breaking through before he can slam them back down, and it must surprise Namjoon because the taller boy stills completely, and then Yoongi pulls back.

Namjoon looks dumbfounded, thrown completely off-kilter, but Yoongi doesn't feel any pleasure from this expression. Not when Yoongi's heart is on the line.

He almost starts to pull back and out of Namjoon's arms, but then Namjoon's yanking him forward again, lips finding Yoongi's and Namjoon's wraps Yoongi up tight against him. This time this kiss is wet and dirty, each flick of Namjoon's tongue a scorching promise. Namjoon's teeth catch on Yoongi's bottom lip, sinking into the flesh, and then his tongue soothes the sting, recapturing Yoongi's lips for a deeper kiss. And Yoongi's melting into Namjoon, knees liquefied and bones turning into goo, and he hangs onto Namjoon like he's a lighthouse in a storm, the only solid thing in the waves and waves of water crashing over his head.

Namjoon pulls back, breathing hard and pupils so dilated they make his eyes look black, lips red and a bit swollen, says, "Do you want to do this?"

Yoongi cocks his head slightly. His arms are still looped around

Namjoon's neck, and Namjoon's hands are a reassuring weight on Yoongi's hips and lower back. "Do what?"

Namjoon's lips pull into a cheeky grin, dimples deepening. "A screaming orgasm. Or a slow comfortable screw. Whatever you prefer."

"Oh," Yoongi says, swallows hard in attempt to calm the fluttering butterflies in his stomach. He doesn't know why he's suddenly so nervous, but maybe it's because Yoongi never actually thought he'd ever get here with Namjoon. That he'd ever have the chance of something happening. "Yeah, I want that."

Namjoon's eyes don't leave his, and his fingers tighten ever so slightly in their grip on Yoongi's waist.

"I can do that for you," Namjoon says. "Not here though."

"Kim Namjoon," Yoongi pats the younger's chest in mock amazement. "Are you asking me to go home with you?"

"Yeah," Namjoon says. "I am."

Yoongi's kisses are bordering on desperate, when they're alone in Namjoon's dimly-lit bedroom. It's the fear he can't help, sitting ice cold in the pit of his stomach, the worry that Namjoon will suddenly realize who he's with – will realize that Yoongi's really not that special after all.

"Hey," Namjoon says, breaking the kiss but Yoongi clings tighter, trying to fit their lips back together. "Yoongi – *hey*." There's laughter in Namjoon's voice, warm and deep, and Yoongi shivers.

Yoongi finally leans back, hands dropping from their hold on Namjoon's shirt to cross in front of his chest instead. "What."

"I just-" Namjoon's gaze is sharper than Yoongi would like it to be, and he shifts uncomfortably. "We can take it slower, yeah? We've got all night."

No, Yoongi thinks, they *can't* take it slower. Because taking it slow would mean more than just the rough pleasure of meaningless sex. It

would mean the depths of Yoongi's affection for Namjoon trickling into the space between them, every single one of Yoongi's raw expressions drawn out of him by Namjoon's slow and steady hands. It would mean putting more than just his body on the line. It would mean Yoongi's heart too, and Yoongi doesn't know if he can afford to do that.

Slow sex would make Yoongi believe in something Namjoon's not offering. It would ruin Yoongi for good.

He tilts his head to one side, as if considering. "But where's the fun in that?"

"Hmm?" Namjoon asks, eyes following where his fingers have started a path down Yoongi's sides to rest on slim hips.

Yoongi steps in, presses himself closer to Namjoon and slides his hands up to grip Namjoon's shoulders. He's dizzy with how close Namjoon is, the subtle hint of sandalwood in Namjoon's cologne, and the slight press of Namjoon's half-hard cock against Yoongi's hip. Warmth radiates from Namjoon's chest, and Yoongi shivers again.

"I want it rough."

Namjoon's eyes snap back up to meet Yoongi's, and he sees how they dilate, black pupils consuming the dark brown and it gives Namjoon an almost animalistic look, even more so with the way Namjoon *growls*, and Yoongi's always been one to push limits, so he slips out of Namjoon's arms and saunters over to the taller's bed, slipping off his shirt on the way. His pale skin is the only luminescent thing in the room, and it draws Namjoon to him like a moth to a flame.

Large hands fit around Yoongi's waist, turning him around to face Namjoon, and the heat of Namjoon's rough palms juxtapose the cold air of the room. Yoongi's nipples harden and so does Yoongi's cock.

"Rough, yeah?" Namjoon asks, like full sentences are already failing him, and that makes Yoongi feel so, so powerful in that one moment.

(Which means a lot because Yoongi's aloof and indifferent attitude was sown out of his fragile heart.)

"You *did* promise me a screaming orgasm," Yoongi reminds him, raising his eyebrow in expectation, and Namjoon doesn't disappoint.

The taller of the two cups Yoongi's face, and for a moment, for a split

second, he traces Yoongi's bottom lip with his thumb, so *gently*, and Yoongi's breathing stutters, eyelashes fluttering, but then Namjoon's lips are on his, rough and dominating and taking complete control of the kiss.

Namjoon's hands slips down to grip Yoongi's ass and he pulls the smaller closer, bumping hips and chests together and Yoongi can't stop the soft inhale that he makes when the rough cotton of Namjoon's shirt brushes his nipples. He curls his fingers into the collar of Namjoon's shirt, tugging ever so slightly to give Namjoon's the hint to *take it off*, but then Namjoon's lips are moving from Yoongi's mouth to his jaw, and teeth sink into Yoongi's neck and everything goes white hot for a moment. Yoongi's head tilts back to bare more skin, and a guttural moan leaves Yoongi's lips.

It's like Namjoon can't get enough once he's had a taste, and he practically *feasts* on the smooth skin of Yoongi's neck, hands coming back up to run a scorching hot path up Yoongi's ribs, leaving trails of fire in their wake. Namjoon brushes a thumb over Yoongi's nipple and the noise that leaves Yoongi's mouth is not one he knew he could ever make.

He gets his own hands under Namjoon's shirt, pushing the thin material up and up and up, until Namjoon pulls back with a slight laugh and tosses the thing over his head and somewhere irrelevant, his hands almost immediately finding their place back on Yoongi's bare skin. Yoongi, in that time, suddenly stops, drinking in Namjoon's half naked form for the first time, and he can't help the flush that works its way across his cheeks. He can't help it, really, because Namjoon is built just like how Yoongi thought, strong, lean lines of muscle wrapped in golden skin, shoulders wide and broad, a trail of dark hair leading to somewhere below Namjoon's jeans and Yoongi wants to trace it with his tongue.

"Like what you see, hyung?" Namjoon's voice is smug, so smug, and Yoongi glares up at him. He might want to suck Namjoon's dick but that doesn't stop him from also wanting to remind Namjoon *who's hyung*. "You can take a picture, if you want," Namjoon continues, and Yoongi doesn't realize Namjoon's been working Yoongi's jeans off in the meantime. "But only if I can take some of you."

He shoves Yoongi's pants down, and Namjoon's own are unbuttoned, and Yoongi finds that so hot for reasons he can't really put into words at that moment. And maybe he's so dizzy from it that his pants catch around his ankles and Yoongi trips over literally nothing and topples

over onto the bed, bringing Namjoon down with him in a mass of flailing arms and legs.

Yoongi's startled for a second, and then he can't help the snort of laughter that escapes, because – because it's so fucking funny, and Namjoon looks even more stunned than Yoongi felt, like he was thrown off his game, and Yoongi can only point at Namjoon's face and laugh and laugh and laugh, falling back onto the bed and resting a hand on his stomach, kicking his feet free from his pants.

Namjoon quirks an eyebrow, lifting himself up on an elbow to look down at Yoongi. There's something gentle in his expression, and Yoongi suddenly doesn't feel nervous anymore, about being here, with Namjoon.

Yoongi's pale skin is glowing in the strip of moonlight that filters through the cracks in Namjoon's curtains, and Namjoon's fingers trace over the pink flush of laughter that spreads across Yoongi's chest. Yoongi's laughter fades but a sense of comfort settles between them, and Yoongi trembles a tiny bit under Namjoon's hands but doesn't do anything to stop it. If anything, he sinks deeper into Namjoon's bed, thighs spreading submissively, just the tiniest bit, without Yoongi really realizing it. But Namjoon does, and his hand settles hot and heavy on its grip around Yoongi's hip, thumb brushing over the soft skin of Yoongi's pelvic bone, following the smooth lines downwards and barely dipping into the crease of where Yoongi's thigh meets his hip.

"You're beautiful, you know that?" Namjoon says, kind of mumbles it, really, and after a moment of silence, he glances up to watch Yoongi's expression. Yoongi cheeks mantle, and he glances over Namjoon's shoulder to fix his eyes on the ceiling.

"Are you going to fuck me or what?" Yoongi says impatiently, but his voice wavers over the words, especially when Namjoon leans down to cover one of Yoongi's nipple with his mouth and tongue, and *jesus christ*, Yoongi didn't know he could get *this* turned on just from someone tonguing his nipples.

Namjoon lifts himself back up to drop a kiss to Yoongi's lips, and briefly presses his nose to Yoongi's cherry red cheeks, revelling in the faint whimpers that escape Yoongi's mouth. "I'm gonna fuck you now, hyung."

And Yoongi can only agree in the way his grip on Namjoon's

shoulders tightens and his fingernails dig into the skin, because forming words isn't something he can exactly do right now, mouth dry when Namjoon sits up to tug his own pants off, his cock bobbing thick and heavy between his legs as he leans over to grab lube and a condom. And Yoongi pushes himself backwards on the bed, sliding out from under Namjoon so he can watch the younger boy follow, Namjoon's broader frame and thicker build crawling back over Yoongi to cage Yoongi beneath him.

And then a finger is circling Yoongi's entrance, and the other hand is gripping onto Yoongi's ass to spread him open, and there's a finger sliding in. Yoongi lets out a sigh that's more of a sob at the spark of pleasure that ripples through him. Namjoon's fingers are long and thick and calloused, and one isn't nearly enough.

He's writhing soon, beneath Namjoon's careful hands that border on a roughness the taller can't really keep a firm grip on, body begging for *more*, and then Namjoon's sliding in a second to join the first, twisting and scissoring, skilled fingers brushing over the bundle of nerves and Yoongi might really come before Namjoon gets anywhere close to being inside him, and that's really fucking embarrassing.

He tries to catch his breath, biting his bottom lip – and when had he started moaning?? – sinking one hand into Namjoon's hair to tug on the roots and get the taller boy's attention. "Get the *fuck* in me."

Namjoon's answering grin is smug and self-satisfied and he looks so pleased with himself, and maybe that's really what does it for Yoongi, because he pushes himself up and rolls them over, settling himself atop Namjoon's strong thighs, mouth attaching to the golden skin at the base of Namjoon's neck. He wants to undo Namjoon the same way Namjoon's torn down every one of Yoongi's walls.

He can feel Namjoon shudder beneath his hands and lips, and one of Yoongi's hands slides up to rest on Namjoon's chest and Namjoon's heartbeat is fast, pounding under Yoongi's fingertips. And it's like Namjoon's hands are everywhere at once, caressing the underside of Yoongi's jaw, tugging the hair at the back of Yoongi's neck, following the smooth lines of Yoongi's ribs, thumbs drawing circles into Yoongi's thighs. His touch sears into Yoongi's skin, and Yoongi thinks that he won't ever be able to get the feel of Namjoon out of his skin.

He reaches for the condom then, ripping the package open with clumsy hands, and rolling it down onto Namjoon's cock, watching the way Namjoon's shudders beneath him, two large hands suddenly

gripping tight at Yoongi's hips. He lifts himself up, and with one smug look directed at Namjoon's half-awed expression, he sinks himself down on Namjoon's dick.

(Something he's dreamed about more than once, honestly.)

The burn of taking Namjoon is *just* this side of painful, sparks of slight discomfort tingling up Yoongi's spine, but there's pleasure there too, in the way Namjoon fills him better than anyone else, and the stretch feels so good that Yoongi sinks a little deeper. He's rewarded with Namjoon's choked off moan and the sight Namjoon's thrown-back head, the veins of Namjoon's neck visible beneath the skin.

"Fuck, Yoongi." Namjoon's grip is so tight that it's going to leave bruises on Yoongi's hips that he can press his fingers into.

He lifts himself up experimentally, and when he drops himself down there's no more pain, replaced instead by pure, hazy, floaty pleasure, and then it's like Yoongi's nothing but his baser instincts, everything leaving his mind except the urge to do anything to seek out that pleasure. His fingernails are digging into Namjoon's pectorals, and they leave red trails in their path when he drags them down Namjoon's chest.

Namjoon's doesn't seem to care, instead focused so intently on Yoongi. There's sweat rolling down the side of his face, clinging to the slope of his jaw before falling, and Namjoon's nose is flared, and the muscles of his arms are coiled, and Yoongi thinks, *I did this*.

And he smiles at that, this smug, warm, honest little thing, scrunching his cheeks up and softening his eyes a little bit, and he bites his lip in attempt to hide it but it breaks across his face anyway. Namjoon sucks in this deep breath, like he's trying to get air back into his lungs after having it punched out of him, and one hand comes up to tilt Yoongi's face to look at him, and then he says something – in *English*.

Yoongi blinks, uncomprehending, but before he can ask, Namjoon plants his feet down and drives upwards. *Hard*.

Yoongi cries out, pitching forward and catching himself with shaky hands on Namjoon's chest, but Namjoon doesn't let up in the almost brutal pace, each thrust drilling Yoongi's prostrate and punching cries from his chest. And Namjoon's still talking, groaning, murmuring in this husky voice into Yoongi's ear, still in English. It's probably embarrassing, that Yoongi's dick gets *harder* if that's even possible, but it's Namjoon, and it's Namjoon's deep voice stringing consonants and

vowels together into this steady flow that makes Yoongi's insides quiver. It doesn't matter that he has no idea what Namjoon's saying, but maybe that makes it all the more embarrassing too.

He can pick out words, here and there, the broken off swears and the growled *c'mon hyung* and Yoongi's name, *god Yoongi's name*, spilling from Namjoon's lips like a prayer.

(Yoongi's not much better, honestly, because he can't seem to remember any words except for the two syllables that make up Namjoon's name.)

But the way Namjoon says his name, the intimate lack of a *hyung* to it, makes something very fragile inside Yoongi start to open up, and he wants to tell Namjoon to stop making him feel that way, wants to say *stop making me love you, namjoon-ah* but the words can't find a place in his mouth, so that the only thing that slips out is a soft, weak, "*..love you, Joon-ah.*"

And it doesn't hit him, in that moment, what he says, or what he doesn't say, until Namjoon's thrusts stutter, and Yoongi blinks hazily up at Namjoon. Namjoon's giving him this look that Yoongi doesn't have the mental capacity to really decipher right now, but Yoongi tries to anyway, the knot of fear starting to rise in his chest and close off his throat.

But then Namjoon's cupping the back of his head and pulling Yoongi forward into a bruising kiss, more teeth and tongue than anything else, but it manages to tame whatever fear was rising up in Yoongi. And then Namjoon gets his hand on Yoongi's dick, and that, coupled with the raw strength of Namjoon thrusting into him, sends Yoongi back to careening towards the edge of pure pleasure, and he thinks all he needs is a little bit more to push him over. And then Namjoon's pressing a kiss to his earlobe, murmuring a soft, laughing, "I love you, *fuck*, I really, *really* like you" in English.

And Yoongi wants to tell him that he can understand those words, that he knows what Namjoon just said to him, but he's also simultaneously propelled over the cliff and he comes with a cry, dropping off into white, hazy pleasure, and he feels Namjoon follow behind.

He pitches forward, falling to lie completely on top of Namjoon so that when he comes to – eyes blinking into the dim lighting of the room, the uncomfortable feeling of stickiness between himself and

Namjoon, the sweat cooling on his lower back – he’s abruptly aware of the way he still has one hand curled around Namjoon’s bicep.

Namjoon’s petting the back of his head.

“I’m not your *dog*,” Yoongi says, trying to sit up and wincing when Namjoon pulls out. He wobbles on shaky hands and knees before flopping down onto the bed beside Namjoon. He just needs a moment, a minute or two, to collect himself before heading out.

(He knows how these things go.)

Namjoon shifts and sits up, and Yoongi watches him leave into another room. He tries, in the moments Namjoon is gone, to put his walls back up, to draw the curtains shut, to put on his uncaring façade. Except, for some reason, nothing is *working*, everything inside him refusing to cooperate so that when Namjoon walks back in with a damp handtowel and wearing a pair of spongebob boxers, Yoongi’s feels raw, like he’s wide open for Namjoon to see, and he doesn’t like it.

Namjoon sits back down on the bed, cleaning Yoongi with these gentle hands that makes Yoongi’s heart flip flop. “How’re you feeling?” Namjoon asks. “Want water or anything?”

“No.” The first attempt comes out raspy, and Yoongi has to clear his throat. “No, I’m good. Give me a minute and then I’ll be out of your hair.”

Namjoon fixes him with this stare, studying Yoongi’s face and Yoongi doesn’t like the way he’s bared to Namjoon gaze. He pulls a sheet up to cover himself.

“What are you talking about?” Namjoon finally asks, tossing the handtowel in the general direction of his laundry bin. “Where would you be going? Why would you leave?”

“I know how these things work,” Yoongi says snappishly, because really, Namjoon can’t be this thick. Yoongi still feels like he’s been hollowed out. “We meet at a bar, have a few drinks, hookup, and then never talk about it again. Those are the rules.”

“The rules?” Namjoon says. He sounds amused. “You’re playing by the rules suddenly?”

This makes Yoongi rear up in defense, and he shoves himself upwards.

“Stop being stupid. This is just how these things are supposed to go. That’s the *plan*.”

“The ‘plan’?” Namjoon asks, and he’s full-out grinning, cheeks bunching up and dimples deepening. Yoongi wants to punch his stupid face but he also wants to smooth his thumbs into Namjoon’s dimples. “Well it half worked, didn’t it? You met a hot guy at the bar and went home with him. Things don’t have to end there.”

“Yeah they do,” Yoongi argues. It can’t be this easy, but then suddenly he remembers Namjoon’s deep voice in his ear, the way his tongue had caressed the words ‘*I love you*’.

“They don’t.” Namjoon flops himself back onto the bed and yanks a yelping Yoongi down with him. “I like you, hyung.” He says, face finally serious.

“No you don’t,” Yoongi says automatically.

“Hyung,” Namjoon laughs. “You’ve got to lose that habit of arguing just for the sake of arguing.”

“No,” Yoongi says, trying (and failing) to wriggle out of Namjoon’s octopus grip. “You really don’t feel that way about me. Or, you’ll stop feeling that way about me- Can you *let go of me*?!”

“Lalalalala,” Namjoon sing-songs, wrapping his arms around Yoongi even tighter. “I can’t hear you hyung. You know what I *do* hear? The way you said you loved me before. What was it? ‘*Love you Joon-ah*’, that’s what you said, right?”

“You’re so fucking annoying,” Yoongi finally stops struggling and resigns himself to stay in the warm cocoon of Namjoon’s chest. “But. Yeah, that’s – that’s what I said.”

“Good,” Namjoon says. He’s running his fingers through the strands of Yoongi’s hair again, but this time Yoongi doesn’t stop him. “I love you too, hyung.”

All in all, Yoongi thinks he rocked his plan.

End Notes

i wrote like 6k of porn i'm sorry lmfao when will i start writing plot again???

feel free to scream @ me abt sugamon in the comments or over on my [tumblr](#) :-)

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